Bad Habits

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Bad Habits

by Not_You

Summary

A morning with Reba and Francis, that could take place in any of my happy, murder-free Hannibal AUs where the two of them have been mentioned as a couple.

Notes

Fuck it, this is part of Pretty Red Heart, now. Why not?

Reba wakes up slowly, and smiles to feel that D is still in bed beside her, a vast, warm weight. Usually the light wakes him before the heat gets to Reba, but this morning he's still here, breathing like he's nearly awake but not quite. She rolls onto her side and presses up against the broad plane of his back, nuzzling her face into his skin and breathing in the scent of him. He makes a small, muffled noise of contentment, and Reba smiles.

She slips an arm around his waist and then runs her hand lazily up his chest, surprised to find his elbow crooked across it. Reba follows D's arm, and it suddenly tenses as she traces it up to his face. His lips, particularly, and for a moment she thinks it's the old phobia about her touching him there, and then in the moment before he snatches it out, she realizes that his thumb is in his mouth. He rolls away from her, his body tense all over, and she can tell that he's wiping his hand on the sheet.

"It's okay, D," she says softly. He doesn't offer any reply but embarrassed silence, but at least settles a little, his weight feeling less like it's going to fly off the bed. "It doesn't hurt anything," she adds, and when she puts her hand on his arm again, he lets it stay there. "Hell, it's kinda cute."

"...Cute?" he mutters, and Reba smiles.

"Yeah, D, cute." She shifts over and presses a kiss to his cheek, pleased at the steady way he takes it, unafraid of at least one thing, now. "Did you think I'd make fun of you?"

"...No," he says.

"Good, because I won't. Is this why you really always get up before me?" There's a little silence, about the time it takes for him to shake his head.

"It's why I don't stay," he says, and the bed shifts a little as he moves to gather her close.

Reba lets him, glorying in his strength the way she always does. D settles with his back against the headboard and Reba sideways in his lap. He's got the usual half-on he has in the morning, but now isn't the time to coax it all the way up. She rests her head on his chest and listens to his heart for a while.

"You're very beautiful in the light," he says, so quietly that she wouldn't hear him if her head wasn't right here. "I like to lie here with you, but I don't want you to know."

"Well, I do know," Reba says, "and it's okay." She keeps her voice gentle, but very firm. Before Francis she never would have thought of herself as anything approaching 24/7, but he needs his mistress so often that it's never far away. Now he relaxes, just that tiny bit.

"Yes, ma'am," he says softly, and he doesn't flinch away from the sibilant. He shivers a little when Reba nuzzles his stubble. It's precious to her, when D is so scrupulously turned out in public. He won't open the door to take in the newspaper without shaving and being fully dressed, and she enjoys the scratchiness now.

"From now on, if that's your only reason to get up, don't."

"Yes, ma'am," he says again, and trembles as she kisses his neck, his cock getting a little more definite beneath her.

Reba smiles, and gives her hips a deliberate little wriggle as she kisses D's neck again and slides her hand over his smooth chest. He makes a small, helpless sound when she pinches one nipple, and when she puts her mouth on the other one he gasps and clings to her. She purrs and just enjoys that for a little while before sliding out of D's hold. He can't help a little noise of complaint, but he's a good boy and lets her go.

"Stretch out on your back, D," she says, and she can feel him obeying, the mattress shifting with his weight. "Good boy," she says, and pets his hair for a little while. She's always a little surprised by how soft it is, and she smiles down at him. "You really are sweet, D," she tells him, and then shuffles her way down to get her mouth on him.

Reba is always very careful with D. She tries to be gentle with any invited penis in her bed, but D especially. Early on (not the first time, thank God) she had let him feel the edge of her teeth, just to let him know it was an option. Some guys like a little careful nibbling, but D had scrambled up over the back of the couch to get away from her. He had cried a little, telling her about his bitch of a grandmother, and ever since Reba has been as gentle with him as possible.

Now she breathes warm over the head of his cock, and then rings it with tiny kisses, her hand gripping the base. D whimpers and squirms a little, gasping sharply at the first touch of her tongue. She likes the way his foreskin holds his scent, one of the only good things about being born slightly premature and in need of surgery. Reba lips gently as its edge, and then laps up the single bead of precome that emerges from D's slit, shifting her grip upward and starting to jerk him just a little bit, following the way that skin moves with her lips. D moans like he physically can't stop it, again and again as Reba works him.

When she swallows the slick head of his cock at last, D cries out and the whole bed vibrates as he grips the headboard and trembles. Reba purrs and takes him as deep as she can. She can get most of it, if she really works, and D is always very appreciative. Now he whimpers and moans, and she feels one of his calves across her back, giving in to his need to hold her without disobeying orders. Reba purrs, licking at the big vein on the underside. She wants to tell D what a good boy he is, but that would mean pulling off. Instead she redoubles her efforts, moaning softly around D's cock and then swallowing as he shakes and comes.

D is usually good for two rounds at a time, in top physical condition and neglected for years, so Reba doesn't worry about getting hers. She stretches out beside him, and murmurs her permission for him to touch. He immediately clings to her, muscles still quivering just a little. Reba covers his chest in kisses and tells him what a good boy he is, so obedient and sweet and beautiful. These days he can stand to be told that he's beautiful, and to be kissed on the mouth again and again.

Reba likes the way his surgical scars feel against her lips, and now D lets her kiss each one, making a low rumbling noise of contentment. When she reaches down to touch him again, he's about half hard already, and she laughs, kissing his mouth again as she squeezes and strokes him.

"Please..." he moans, and Reba grins.

"Of course, D." She moves to straddle him, taking his hand and bringing his fingers to her clit.

D has a very delicate touch, and has hardly taken any training in this. He makes little circles just the way Reba showed him, and she sighs, just leaning into for a moment before rising up onto her knees and guiding him inside. Reba got an IUD years ago, and is one of the success stories, barely ever aware of the appliance except to be glad that she doesn't have to fumble around with condoms now that she and D are exclusive.

Now she sinks down onto him and lets out a soft moan, taking D down to the base. He likes it when Reba keeps him deep and just grinds on him, and that suits her just fine. Sometimes Reba can feel a sighted person's gaze, and she can feel D's on her now. She glories in it, and rides his cock and his hand, already so close just from handling her sweet boy. She tips forward a little when she comes, panting and shaking, bracing her hands on D's broad chest because she knows he can take the weight. He whimpers, and once Reba catches her breath, she grins down at him and starts to move again, clenching as tightly on him as she can. It only takes a few seconds before he lets out a ragged cry and thrusts up into her, massive hands clutching at her hips as he comes, warm and slick everywhere.

When they're sort of cleaned up and stretched out beside each other again, Reba feels D's arm move, shy and slow. She smiles, and takes his wrist, guiding his thumb into his mouth.

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